

WITH A FAB BAG TAG*, FANTASTIC STORIES AND ACTIVITIES!



With
inside

BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



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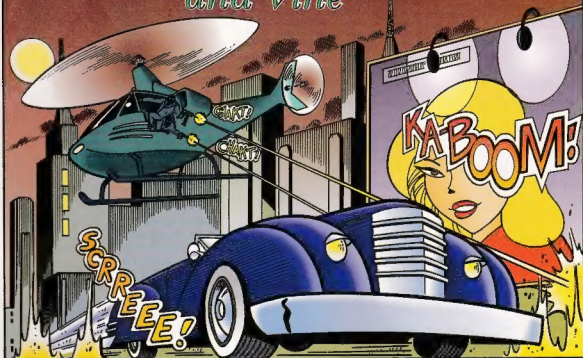


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BATMAN IN *Hollywood and Vine*

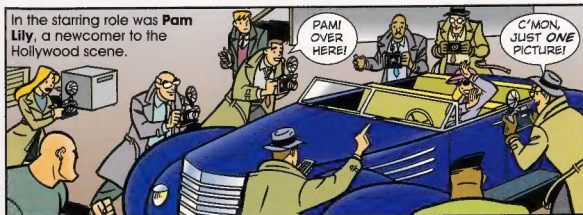
Gotham, the financial district. Cue noise, lights and explosions...



...courtesy of action movie director Josh Chulmacree.



In the starring role was **Pam Lily**, a newcomer to the Hollywood scene.



Beautiful and mysterious, the actress had so far managed to avoid being photographed. But the paparazzi...



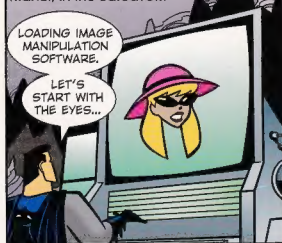
...were nothing if not determined!



And, the next morning at Wayne Manor, home of billionaire Bruce Wayne...



The actress's face seemed familiar. And soon, beneath Wayne Manor, in the Batcave...

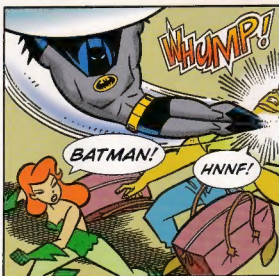
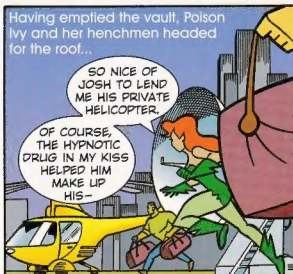


Bruce used the program to alter the photograph digitally—changing features and hair style to transform Pam Lily into...





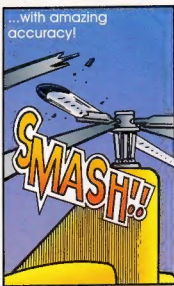
Having emptied the vault, Poison Ivy and her henchmen headed for the roof...

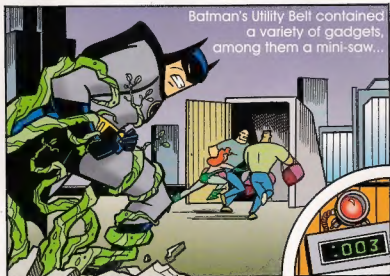
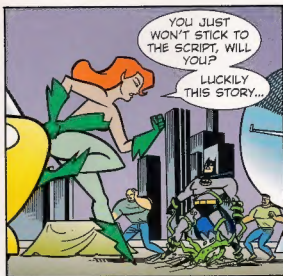


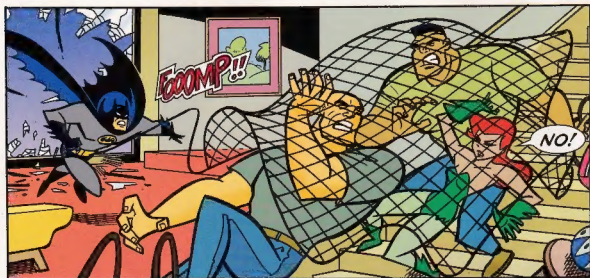
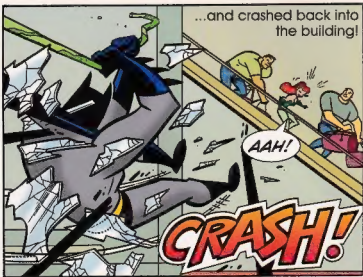
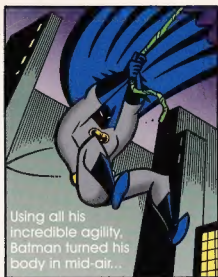
Though pinned, Batman still managed to reach and throw a Batarang...



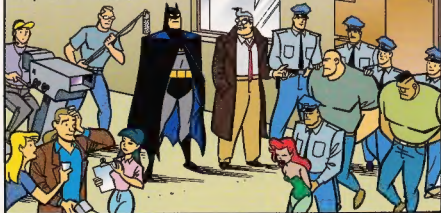
...with amazing accuracy!

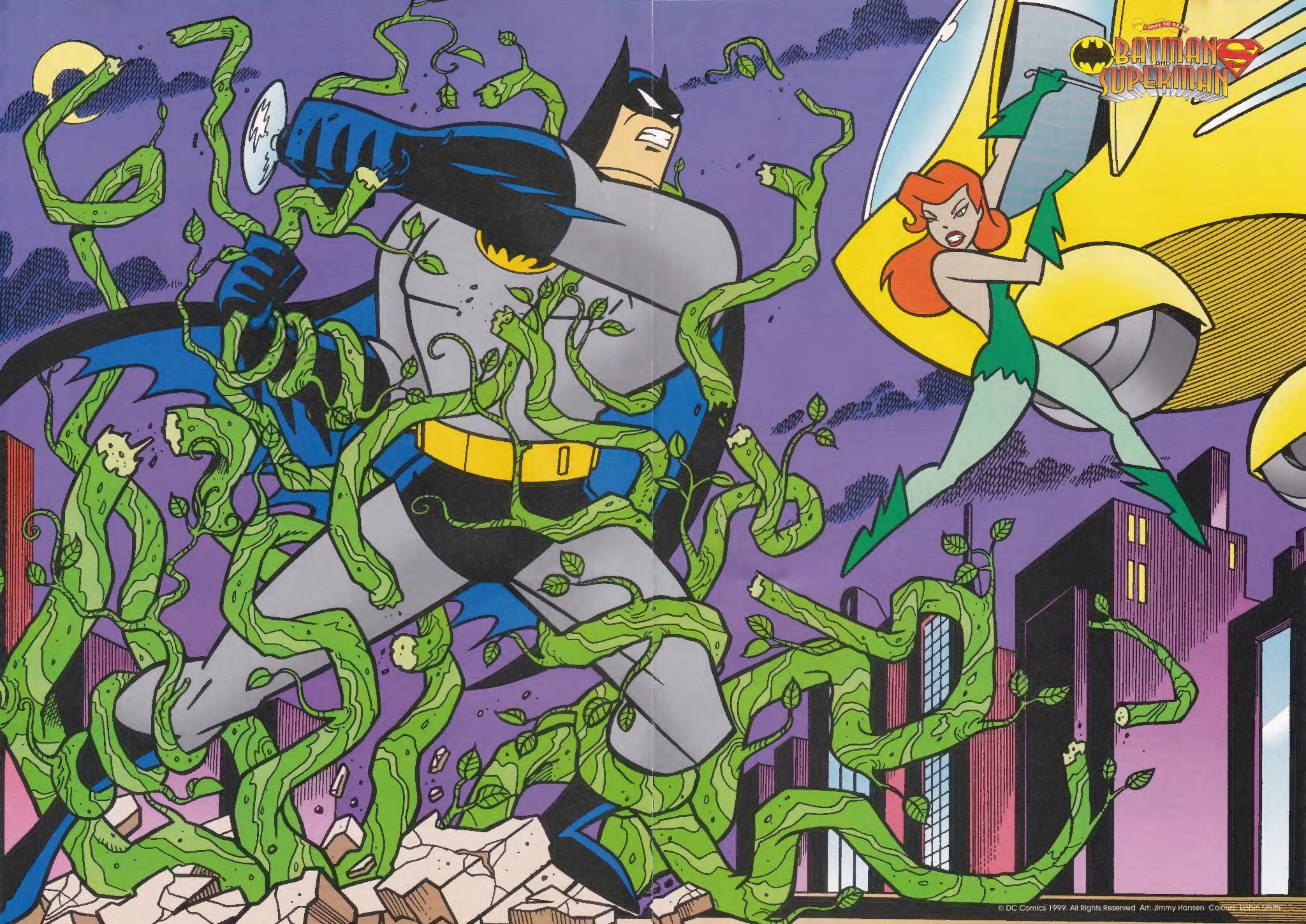






Released from Ivy's mental control, the director remembered little of the past few weeks.





Superman and Angela Chen join forces in...

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

Angela Chen was not happy, that much was certain. It was clear from the colour of her face — currently a vivid shade of purple — that she wasn't just discussing the weather with Perry White, the *Daily Planet's* editor.

As Angela abruptly turned and marched out of Perry's office, everyone in the newsroom suddenly tried to look very busy. Angela seethed, very much like a volcano about to erupt, and then snatched up the late edition of the *Daily Planet* and tore it into pieces. Finally, she threw it up in the air, exiting through a shower of shredded newspaper.

Angela Chen was the *Planet's* gossip columnist, and she was not a woman to be crossed. Someone, though, had evidently done so, and as Clark Kent followed Angela towards the lifts, he felt very sorry for whoever that someone was.

As they stood waiting for the lift to arrive, Angela turned to Clark, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Do you know what Perry said about my story?" she demanded. Clark didn't, but he decided — wisely — to stay silent. "He told me it was *yesterday's* news!"

The lift arrived and they both stepped

in. By now, Angela was in full swing. "It's all because of that new radio disc jockey," she snarled, "the one who's been broadcasting illegally. Whoever she is, she's beating me to all the best scandals. By the time I get my stories written, the news is all over Metropolis already."

When the lift came to a stop at the ground floor, Angela exited without even a backward glance. "Well I've got my sources too," she said in an icily determined way. "And I'm going to use them to find and expose this 'shock jock'."

Clark watched as Angela strode past the reception desk, snapping at a motorbike courier who was listening to a small, portable radio. It was tuned to the show Angela had been talking about. Clark focused his superhearing on the disc jockey's voice,

filtering out the surrounding noise. Something about it seemed familiar.

"Clark!" shouted Lois Lane in his ear, causing him to wince. "Where have you been?" Lois practically dragged Clark towards the street. "C'mon," she urged, "thanks to you we're already late for our appointment." As he



followed her out of the *Daily Planet* building, Clark furrowed his brow, concerned. Where *did* he know the voice of that disc jockey from?

Storm clouds were gathering overhead when Angela stepped out of a taxi into a run-down, litter-strewn street. As she paid the driver, Angela glanced around at the old warehouses and factories.

Her source, a former police lieutenant turned private-eye, had discovered that a large amount of broadcasting equipment had recently been delivered to the old Metro Energy power plant, even though it had been closed for many years.

As she pushed open a rusted gate, Angela gazed up at the roof of the shadowy building. Sure enough, nestled between a giant lightbulb and the Metro Energy sign was a brand new radio transmitter aerial. Angela smiled. "Got you," she whispered.

Inside, Angela moved cautiously through the large, echoing corridors. Once, long ago, the plant had pulsed with life, supplying electricity to nearly half of Metropolis. Now it was disused and crumbling.

But Metro Energy wasn't unoccupied. Angela could hear a voice coming from the main generator room ahead of her. Entering, she crept cautiously towards a figure sitting at a



makeshift broadcast booth. Angela froze as the figure turned slightly, her face illuminated by a sudden flash of lightning outside.

The disc jockey was Leslie Willis — also known as Livewire.

Angela remembered Willis. The former broadcaster had been famous for using her radio show to verbally attack Superman. Now, though, she attacked him in person, a stray bolt of lightning having transformed her into a being of pure electrical energy with tremendous powers.

Angela caught sight of two huge transformers, machines that changed very high voltage electrical charges into more manageable ones. Both were operational, and as Angela looked up she could see twin lightning conductors through a skylight in the roof.

Science had never been Angela's favourite subject at school, but she could work this one out. An electrical storm, lightning conductors, transformers. This was Livewire's personal power station. Here she could recharge her body with raw electricity from the atmosphere.

Angela listened to Livewire as she signed off, ending her radio programme on a decidedly strange note. "Stay tuned, listeners," Livewire said with glee. "Next up on my hit list is the Man of Steel himself, Superman. And he's in for the shock of his life!"

Angela realised it was time to go. But as she turned, she accidentally knocked over a spool of wire. It clattered to the ground, rolling out across the factory floor.

Livewire looked around sharply, seeing Angela, her face twisting into an angry snarl of recognition. "Angela Chen," hissed Livewire. "Well, as I live and *don't* breathe!"

As Livewire rose and moved towards her, Angela darted across the room. At the far end several large windows promised a possible escape route. Livewire just laughed, charging the air with electrical energy. Above, lights shorted out explosively, raining sparks down on the fleeing Angela. Every metal surface became alive with dangerous electricity, including the window frames. She was trapped.

Angela backed off, edging closer to the broadcast booth. She had an idea, but she needed to get Livewire talking. "So!" said Angela, trying hard not to let her voice betray her nervousness. "Is this an attempt to outdo Superman...or me? We both know I always get the real inside story on what's what in Metropolis."

Upon reaching the booth, Angela felt behind her, searching the console that controlled the radio transmission.

Careful not to let Livewire see what she was doing, Angela threw the 'broadcast' switch.

"Very soon it won't matter," said Livewire, unaware that her voice was now being heard across the whole of Metropolis. "Because both you and Superman will soon be out of my hair... forever!"



Across town, Clark Kent was passing by a newsstand when he heard Livewire's voice coming from the vendor's radio. This time he recognised it immediately, and in seconds he was changed and airborne, hurtling through the sky as Superman. He focused his superhearing on the voice, letting it guide him towards Metro Energy.

Inside the building, with thunder booming overhead and lightning

flashing, Livewire advanced. She gestured towards the transformers. "Soon," she was saying, "I'll have more than enough raw power to beat Superman — and *you*," Livewire added, indicating Angela, "you are going to be the icing on the cake."

Just then, the far wall of Metro Energy disintegrated, Superman

reserves were expended. But, Angela realised, as lightning struck the rooftop conductors and crackled down into the transformers, Livewire could keep recharging as long as the storm continued.

Superman, meanwhile, was beginning to feel Livewire's onslaught. Even his Kryptonian body could only take so much punishment. Then, suddenly, he felt the intensity ease. Livewire was tiring.

Realising this herself, Livewire transformed herself into a bolt of electrical energy and zapped across the room into the nearest transformer. As lightning struck again, a massive surge of energy flowed down into the machinery.

Livewire began to soak up the power, and Superman watched as she grew ever larger in size, her body seething with raw electrical energy. But something, he quickly realised, was wrong. Livewire was continuing to grow, her features gradually dissolving. Finally, with an anguished scream, she collapsed, falling dazed at Superman's feet.

Superman looked up to see Angela walking towards him, a chunk of machinery in her hands. "Do you think this was important?" asked Angela with a smile. "It just...fell off."

Superman examined the piece of machinery. It was a component vital to the transformers. Without it, the high voltage caused Livewire to overload on electricity and short out.

Angela smiled. "Wait till I write this one up," she said. "Sparks are going to fly!"

crashing through it. Livewire gaped, but recovered her composure in time to hit the Man of Steel with thousands of volts of electricity. It was enough to deep fry half of Metropolis, but still Superman kept coming.

Livewire responded by lashing out with more raw energy, and Angela began to see what Superman was doing. He was trying to drain Livewire's power, soak up all she had until her